DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

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THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

A story is told to the effect that before the time this century had attained its majority, the late Mr. Sparks, of Ottawa, was employed with Mr. Wright, who lived at Hull. After several years faithful services, it is said, Mr. Wright could not pay him his wages in money, and he was obliged to be satisfied with two hundred acres of worthless land on the opposite side of the river, and a yoke of oxen which was "thrown in." It is stated on good authority, however, that this version of how Mr. Sparks obtained the site of the present city of Ottawa is not correct, but that he obtained it in the usual way and went to work, axe in hand, to hew out for himself a fortune. Fortunately for him, in England, statesmen were considering at this time or a little later on, how best to secure military communication between the interior of the country and the great lakes, so as not to be subject to annoyance from Canada's now friendly, but then jealous southern neighbor. This led to the construction of the Rideau Canal, which has been but little used in the past, and is likely to be still less used in the future. Mr. Sparks' property then became of value; a village began to grow up on it, this village became a town, and then a city, Ottawa, the capital of Canada. It appears at first sight very strange that Ottawa was ever chosen to be the chief political city of the Dominion, and preference given to it before Montreal, Quebec, or Toronto; but many years ago, Sir John Franklin, and Col. By predicted that it would be the capital of Canada, while Arthur, Duke of Wellington, pointed it out as the most fitting place to become the seat of Gove ent, not only for Canada but for British North America. The illustration gives a very good view of the Government buildings, which are amongst the best of the kind in the world, and it is hardly going too far to assert that there are no buildings which can compare with them in America. They are of beautiful classic and ornate design, and have the advantage of a commanding position on Barrack Hill, an eminence jutting out into, and looking down almost perpendicularly upon the Ottawa river from a height of about one hundred and fifty feet, and commanding a perfect view of the city, of the opposite city of Hull, the cultivated fields and cosy farmhouses of Nepean and Gloucester townships, the rugged peaks of a branch of the Laurentian Mountains, the beautiful river, and of picturesque little lakes, surrounded by the rugged rocks that are mirrored in their placid waters. They were built at a cost of nearly three million dollars, and if the acts done in them are as creditable as the buildings themselves, Canada will be fortunate indeed.

WESTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK. PARLIAMENT HOUSE EASTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK.

PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, CANADA.

"CHANCE."—GOD'S PART.

He controls every event, 1. Sam. ii: 6-9 Dan. iv: 35; Matt. vi: 26; x: 29-31; Eph. i. 11; Job v: 12.

Man's part. He should do his best, Prov. xxi: 31; Eccl. ix: 10.

He should do what is right, Prov. xvi: 30.

He should trust God for success, Prov. xxi: 33.

Events appear to men to happen by chance, Eccl. ix: 11; Luke x: 31-37.

But they are portions of God's providence, Eccl. iii: 17.

And man cannot in any way control them, Eccl. vii: 13; Lam. iii: 37.

PRAYER.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee." Ps. l: 15.

"Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Ps. lxxxi: 10.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth." Ps. cxlv: 18.

"Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am." Isa. lviii: 9.

"I sought the Lord and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." Ps. xxxiv: 4.

"I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications." Ps. cxvi: 1.

"In the day when I cried, Thou answeredst me." Ps. cxxxviii: 3.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." Isa. lv: 6.

KEEP YOUNG.—Let us keep young as long as we can. Preserving a serene mind, and avoiding dangerous excess, let us count one day as full of divine blessing as another, and believe that should we live here a thousand years, God would still give us something in which to be happy, and for which to be grateful. And old age, approached in this spirit, is always sunny and fruitful. Look at William of Germany! Nearly eighty, there are few men at fifty younger in feeling and busier than he. Look at the poet Bryant! Although eighty-three, he sings as sweet and as noble a song as ever his muse has sung. Look at Longfellow! He has reached his threescore and ten, yet he by no means considers himself retired from active life: Does he not tell us that,

"Nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate:
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his competers
When each had numbered more than four-score years.
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his 'Characters of Men;'
Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote his 'Canterbury Tales;'
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions, but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the Arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives."

—*Christian Leader.*

TENNYSON'S HOUSE.—The residence of Tennyson is thus described by the London *World*: "The house is modern Gothic, designed in admirable taste, with wide mullioned windows, many-angled oriels in shadowy recesses, and dormers whose gables and pinnacles break the sky-line picturesquely. Within, everything is ordered with a quiet, refined elegance that has in it, perhaps, just a *soupcon* of an affection of æstheticism not quite in keeping with the spirit, either of modern or of mediæval life. The hall, in spite of its richly tessellated pavement, has a delightful sense of coolness in its soft half-light. The lofty rooms have broad high windows, the light from which is tempered by delicately colored hangings, walls of the negative tints in which modern decorators delight, diapered with dull gold and paneled ceilings of darkly-stained wood with moulded ribs and beams. High-backed chairs, of ancient and uncompromising stiffness, flank the table, typifying the poet's sterner moods; while in cozy corners are comfortable lounges that indicate a tendency to yield sometimes to the seductions of soft dreams and inspirations. Nowhere is the spirit vexed by garish ornament or the eye by glaring color. A few good etchings and paintings hang on the walls; among them an excellent copy of the 'Peter Martyr,' which is doubly valuable since the destruction of the original. But there is one room in which all that is most interesting in this house centres. The door opens noiselessly, and the tread of your feet is muffled as you enter a dim corridor, divided from the room by a high screen. The air is heavy with the odor of an incense not unfamiliar to men of letters; and if you could doubt whence it arose, your doubts would be speedily dissolved as the occupant of the chamber comes forward to meet you, the inseparable pipe still between his teeth."

— We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.—2 Cor. 5:10.

Temperance Department.

INCREASED DRINKING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

There is no way in which the suggestion of reform in our national intemperance is so frequently pushed aside as that of the utterly false remark that "matters in that respect have immensely improved of late years." It is, therefore, of no small moment that we find a statement of facts in one of our most widely-circulated journals on this subject. The *Scotsman*, as most of our readers know, is anything but favorable to the temperance movement in any form, but it is a journal singularly faithful in its statements of matters of fact bearing on the general course of trade, and also on the social condition of the nation. Some who would scorn to be influenced by anything uttered by the *Alliance Weekly News* will at least bow in silence to an article in the *Scotsman*. There is no test of increasing intemperance that can be more decisive than that of the largely-increased consumption of intoxicating liquor. A man, if so inclined, may explain away statistics, however trustworthy, as to crime and other fruits of alcohol, and he may even manage to make it appear that the people are more prosperous because they are given to drink in an increased measure, but it will go very hard with him to show that they are more sober while drinking intoxicating liquor in very much greater measure. The article in the *Scotsman* on which we are now remarking brushes off at once all popular notions as to "increase of population," and sets the individual before us as he was ten years ago, and as he is now. He says:—

"We are drinking more wine, much more spirits, and a great deal more beer than we did, say, ten years ago. At that time the average annual allowance to each individual in the United Kingdom was 2½ bottles of wine, nearly 6 bottles of spirits, and 350 pints of beer. Now it is three bottles and a glass of wine, nearly 8 bottles of spirits, and 420 pints of beer. To be a little more particular in regard to the two latter articles, we have risen in regard to spirits in England from 5 to 6½ bottles, in Scotland from 11 to 14 bottles, and in Ireland from 5 to 8 bottles; while in regard to beer, we have gone in England from 448 to 516 pints, in Scotland from 160 to 148 pints, and in Ireland from 94 to 170 pints. While England and Ireland have thus outstripped us in beer, we still manage to keep a long way ahead of them in spirits. The pipe appears also to have kept pace with the bottle. People are smoking a quarter more than they did ten years ago, having advanced from 16 to 20 ounces per head."

So far then the *Scotsman*. In the face of such a statement, what should we think of him who rejoices that things have "vastly improved?" There are some lessons of great importance to which it will be well to direct attention here. The first of these comes in answer to the question as to what has become of all the fruits of temperance effort. Does the above statement show that such effort has been all in vain? The answer to such questions must be very different according as we understand the questions themselves. If we mean to ask whether any good has come to individuals and to individual families by our temperance effort during these ten years, there need be no manner of doubt that there has been such good to thousands. But if the questions are understood to bear on the United Kingdom as a whole, and you mean to ask whether the temperance effort to save the nation as such is proving its efficiency, the answer is not what one could wish it to be. It is beyond all possible doubt that the nation as a whole is getting rapidly worse, and effort which issues in that only cannot be set down as a success. There is one thing to be carefully noted here—in those parts of the kingdom in which the liquor traffic has been suppressed success is perfect. There must be a good way above two thousand parishes in which alcoholic intemperance and its terrible concomitants are unknown. If the liquor traffic were submitted to the vote of the people the number of these parishes would, we know, be largely increased, and the same perfect success would show itself in these new places which now shows itself elsewhere. This points out to us with unerring index the real plan of successful temperance effort if the nation is to be delivered. Because here another lesson comes in. In so far as individuals have been induced to abstain entirely from liquor, the number of drinkers in the nation has been lessened, and the liquor consumed among those who continue drinking is the greater in measure. In so far as license has been withdrawn in whole parishes, the amount of liquor consumed where license remains is shown to be of necessity greater in quantity. It is not as if the liquor were spread over a large number, so as to leave the individual more sober. The entire success of temperance effort is deducted from the field of alcoholic indulgence, and the individual is actually consuming more and not less. There is beyond all doubt an immense delusion as to temperance success in the way of getting individuals to promise to abstain from liquor, and also in training the young to abstinence. The failures in such cases are simply incredible in number. There is no such delusion possible where the licenses have been withdrawn. We know personally many of the districts where prohibition has been established, and the liquor to be found in them might please the homœopathist himself. We cannot say the same thing of even the most pronounced of abstinence bonds. Yet, when we estimate the success of abstinence in the presence of the traffic, and add to that the vastly greater success of prohibition where it has been gained, we are only proving how much blacker the case is for the nation as a whole in which drunkenness is so rapidly increasing. What must be the character of his eyesight who lives in the very worst of localities in which the concentration of degrading influences is at work, who yet vauntingly assures you that "education has done wonders in the way of improvement among the people?" Now, there are two terrible things that come under notice here. The first is the effect of increased drinking and smoking on the efficiency of our productive classes. Take any man whom you require to employ, and let him come to you with the hint from his former employer that he increasingly uses the glass, would you feel that his claim on your attention was improved by such a hint? You are in search of some likely lads to train for special work; would it be from among drinkers that you would select them, if you could help yourself in the matter? Certainly it would not. Educate as you will, in every possible shape and form, but only let liquor become more and more an article of use among those whom you educate, and you will sooner reverse the best-established laws of nature than you will actually improve the persons and masses whom you educate. All the bluster about the assured superiority of British workmen is going down like tow before the fire that consumes it in the face of increasing intemperance. It is worse than useless to dream of revived trade as we are situated now, and the situation gets worse and worse. It is not that we have not thousands of noble workmen, but these are overwhelmed by the drawback of comrades who swell the liquor bills of the nation, and reduce its available efficiency for work in the great struggle of trade in the world.

There is another terrible thing that meets us here. The money passing out of the hands of the millions into the hands of the few through the liquor and tobacco trades is rapidly increasing. It has accumulated till it is now impossible to lend it even for a half per cent. The vast revenue of Government goes on increasing; so does that of the liquor-men. The masses become poorer and poorer as a whole. They can buy liquor and tobacco at an enormous price, but they cannot buy articles of honest trade.

It is this which explains what does not so readily explain itself. We allude to the fact that the Permissive Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson refuses to die either in infancy, youth, or manhood. How should it be possible to bring up so many scores of measures to Parliament only for once, or twice at most, and Sir Wilfrid to bring up his with a constantly increasing solidity of claim? Simply because year after year is making it increasingly evident that nothing but the prohibition of the liquor traffic will save the nation, and that the people, and not their rulers, will put this traffic down.—*Alliance News.*

OPIUM IN CHINA.

BY REV. ISAAC PIERSON.

Flower-beds have their fashions, as well as dresses. Forty years ago the poppy was a pretty garden flower in America. Its rich green leaves, and its stately height of from two to two and a half feet, marked it as a proud plant; while the beautiful white or purple petals of the full blown flower, as well as the crowned shaped top of the drying seed-vessel, kept up its pretence to regal honor. But its day is gone, and comparatively few of our children have ever seen it. Would that the children of China had never seen it! But thousands of acres, in every province of that country, are devoted to its culture. In mountain regions, where ancient rivers once spread out, and long since left the rich foot-lands, the traveller most frequently finds patches of an acre or two; and in regions whence it is difficult to transport the bulkier products, it abounds.

The lotus is the pride of China, and many a time have I drawn rein on the leeward side of a pond covered with its innocent blossoms to feast upon their loveliness and fragrance. But a field of blooming poppies, what different thoughts they kindle! Beautiful plants, graceful and stately, but alas, deadly too. "The poisen of asps is under their lips."

In July, when the plants are in bloom, and ere the petals fall, the farmer goes among them, and with a sharp shell, or other implement, cuts a ring around the seed-vessel, which is as large as an English walnut. The next day he brings a little tin cup, like a spice box, and wiping off the exuded juice with his finger, he scrapes it over the sharp edge of the cup. This he does daily till having added one or two more rings, the juice is all gone, and his harvest is gathered. The juice, already thickened, is then exposed to the air till, by evaporation, it is reduced to a putty-like consistence, when it is rolled up into balls as large as a cocoanut, and covered with many thicknesses of the fallen petals of the poppy flowers. Then it is ready for market, and forty of these balls make a chest of opium, the weight of which is from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twelve pounds.

To say that one hundredth part of the opium of China is used for medicinal purposes, would be a large estimate. The opium of ninety-nine at least out of every one hundred chests is consumed in smoking. The smoker, or more commonly a retail merchant, buys a ball of opium, and by mixing it with water, seething and straining, remixing and straining again, and evaporating, he reduces it to a soft mixture, like jelly or tar. This is put into little boxes of tin, ivory, or horn, large enough to contain each three or four thimbles full, and so it goes to the smoker. He, with his fingers and a slender stiletto, somehow makes of it a little pellet, as large as a pea, and puts this upon a pipe, rather than into it; and, having pricked a hole through it, draws the flame from a lamp through it and into a long pipe. Thus the fumes go into his lungs, and he is—happy! Happy for an hour or two in a beastly sense, but how is it in the end? The Bible says, "Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death," and this is sadly true of the sin of opium-smoking.

At a public inn in Pao-ting-fu, I met, daily, a little man, about thirty-five years of age, who had smoked opium for twenty years. He was slender and frail, and when he laid off his coat, as the Chinese are wont to do in their homes, his ribs could all be traced from end to end, and his arms were scarcely twice as large as the bones alone would have been. The opium had fairly tanned him. You could see it in his face, or wherever his body was exposed. He looked like a mummy, and could hardly have weighed seventy pounds.

When once the thirst for opium has taken possession of a person, he will spend his money for that rather than food, and many a man has confessed to me that his daily portion of opium cost him more money than would the entire support of another man, or of one or two children. Led on by this thirst, many sell, by degrees, their lands, their houses, and even their clothes; and then, falling into the beggar class, they go from house to house begging for food, such as we feed to swine, sleep in the streets where chance may give them a shelter, and soon sicken and die.

Sometimes the prevalent use of opium casts a blight upon a whole village. Travelling through the province of Shantung last January, I came one day at noon to such a place. It was upon a great travelled road, and was a regular station, where almost every traveller stopped for lodging or food, and it should have been a thrifty village; but everything was as though famine or pestilence had consumed the life of the people. The men, women and children were among the worst I have ever seen; fit subjects for Dante's pen. When we drove away, even my rude driver shrugged his shoulders and said he was glad to escape. Such cases are not uncommon.

The beggars in China are fearful sufferers; they are said to live only three years, on an average, after they have once fallen into that class; and among the causes which lead to beggary opium holds the first place. Its poor victims, having squandered everything, are still beset by the accursed craving, and are forced to satisfy it by eating the ashes from the opium pipes of others.

We have a few in this country—a very few, I am glad to believe—who, in one form or another, use opium; and we sometimes hear of their pitiable attempts to free themselves from their bondage. The struggle is all but futile. Not one in a score of those who have once contracted the habit ever rid themselves of it, even here, in the midst of a moral people, where public sentiment is strong against it, and where good people are ever ready to help the unfortunate to regain their manhood. But in that darkened land there is no healthy public sentiment to restrain the tempted, no helping hand to reclaim the fallen. Waking too late to a sense of his condition, his doom seems certain. Sometimes, often, such persons come to the missionary and beg for some medicine which shall cure them of their cravings, some panacea to save them from their doom. But no such panacea has yet been found, and we are helpless. We know only of the cure found by trusting in Him who said, "I will, be thou clean."

Poor, deluded, heathen China! Yet it was a Christian nation that taught her this vice. The darkest page in England's history is that which tells of her compelling China to admit the traffic in opium, and of the silver which has been weighed out for the lives and the souls of millions of deluded sufferers!

The Christian Church is spending about $600,000 yearly for the salvation of China; but merchants from Christian nations are taking from her not less than $60,000,000 a year, and giving her in its place, every twelve months, 6,000 tons of opium! She has learned to raise it too, and for every pound she buys she produces another.

Words cannot describe the curse entailed on China by opium, yet the use of it is increasing year by year. "When I was a boy," said a noble young preacher in our mission, "there was not a man in my village who took opium! but now there are hundreds who smoke it, and many saloons."

Oh that some one might take incense, and coals from off the altar of the Lord, and run in quickly between the dead and the living, that the plague might be stayed. Why should not the Church of Christ make haste to double and quadruple her labors and her zeal for a dying nation?—*Missionary Herald.*

MEDICAL USE OF ALCOHOL.

Dr. Charles Jewett addressed the ladies of the Temperance Union of Christian Women in the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. building recently on the medical use of alcoholic and other stimulants and narcotics.

A large part of the misery caused by such use arose from not considering the fact that narcotics are governed by laws entirely different from those which govern nutriments. Natural laws could be obstructed by God, as in the case of the miracles, but ordinarily when man came in contact with natural laws he must give way, for they would not. The law governing stimulant was the law of increase. In cases of suffering from pain, twenty drops of laudanum would ease the sufferer at first, but it soon became necessary to increase the dose, and after long continuance in the use of it, it would require an ounce to produce the same results, and so with all narcotics. Their effect was to cut off communication between the disease and the brain, by benumbing the nerves. Every physician who was fit to practice knew that every time he gave a narcotic he injured the nervous system, and the only question was whether that or the suffering would be the greater injury. It was sometimes urged that a person had inherited an imperfect constitution, and were therefore obliged to use alcoholic liquors, but an imperfect constitution was only the more reason why a person should never touch narcotics of any kind.

Having enlarged upon these principles, the lecturer proceeded in a conversational way to consider some of the special troubles for which alcoholic liquor is frequently prescribed. The following is a summary of his remarks on these points: Ale is frequently prescribed for dyspepsia, and it will relieve you, but present relief is purchased at the cost of increased trouble. There are various causes for dyspepsia—over eating, under eating, too much care, too little care, or very frequently too little sleep. God made the night for sleep, and we have no right to reverse that order. Dyspepsia should be treated by reversing the cause which produces it. I never gave a spoonful of liquor in my life for that cause. The business of a physician is not to cover up disease. Ale is frequently ordered for mothers with nursing children, and the physician who will order it ought to be ashamed of himself. First, it is almost sure to give the child an appetite for alcohol. I have frequently seen children who were drunk every day from this cause. I have seen children, too, pining and dying from the fumes of tobacco with which the father filled the room.

Liquor is often given in cases of pneumonia, but I never gave a drop, and in ten years' practice I lost but two by that disease, and they were men over seventy years old, and died of typhoid pneumonia. In nineteen cases out of twenty, typhoid fever is better without the use of liquor. Good ventilation, clean clothing, profound quiet and nourishment are all that are required. Narcotics should only be used in cases of extreme suffering, to prevent convulsions, or some other nervous peril, or in organic diseases for which there is no possible cure, to ease pain and allow a more easy death.

Whenever your physician orders alcoholic liquor, make him tell you precisely what he expects to accomplish by it. In the case of any other medicine he can tell you exactly, but in this you will catch him nearly every time. I have known instances in which patients have refused to take liquor when their physicians told them positively they would die if they did not take it, but I never knew the prediction fulfilled.—*N. Y. Witness.*

Agricultural Department.

THE SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER.

In addition to our heavy exports of live cattle, a very lively export trade has steadily grown up in the article of beef tallow made to resemble butter. One of our city papers gives the following authentic account on the subject of oleomargarine, which will be specially interesting to dairymen.

"A maker of engines in Courtlandt Street the other day was heard to speak of a lively demand for machinery to be used in the manufacture of artificial butter, known as oleomargarine. The business, he said, was rapidly extending. Beginning with a large factory up-town, now working day and night, similar establishments are rising in nearly all our principal cities. These statements being in conflict with common report, which speaks of artificial butter as a failure, our reporter took pains to enquire into the facts, and found a full confirmation. The oleomargarine factory is a large establishment on Forty-eighth street, near the North River, covering eight lots. The president of the company was found, also the secretary, but neither was inclined to be communicative. The feeling appeared to be that they had a 'good thing', that they had all the business they could do, and more too; and that notoriety would be of no advantage in any respect. Little had been said thus far, and agitation of the subject would only excite useless enquiry. The facts, as gathered, appear to be that there are 'millions in it,' the demand and the manufacture being limited only by the amount of beef fat which it is possible to procure from the slaughter-houses. It would not be worth while to destroy the cattle simply for the fat they might yield. From this substance oleomargarine is made, every particle of fibre being extracted, thus leaving a pure oily residuum, which can be preserved indefinitely, and is claimed to be so nearly like excellent dairy butter that one cannot be distinguished from the other except by the brand. In truth, there is in the local butter trade at the present moment much conversation about the necessity for legislation in this matter, to prevent imposition by fraudulent imitations of the genuine article. This the manufacturers consider the best possible argument that could be cited in their favor.

"It is understood that the first contract of the New York company was with parties in France, who are prepared to take all that can be made. The principal consumption, therefore, is abroad, though officers in the local company affirm that there is a large consumption of artificial butter in New York—that the article is found not only in some of the large Broadway hotels, but in the best families. 'Why,' said our informant, 'my family use nothing else, because nothing else is so good,' the substance being all derived from the best beef cattle. According to statements now made, artificial butter has taken a decided start of late, factories having been commenced, if not already in operation, in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and elsewhere."—*N. Y. Independent.*

A GREAT ENGLISH DAIRY.

"City milk" is for the most part noteworthy as being a very different fluid from "cows' milk," but it is a curious fact that London, the largest city in the civilized world, has the great advantage of a supply of the latter kind of milk from one large company, the Aylesbury Dairy. This company has been in existence fifty years, and has a capital of a quarter of a million dollars. It has two large "factories" in the country, as well as a splendid building in London, which is the headquarters of the selling department. Above 1000 gallons of milk are distributed daily in London to about 5000 families, 30 light carts being employed in the delivery of the milk. Besides the retail sale, a vast quantity is sold to the trade on its arrival at Paddington station, in London. The total quantity of milk dealt with by the company is about 22,000 gallons daily, furnished from about 50 farms. The contracts with the farmers from whom the milk is obtained, are models of stringent dealing for the security of cleanliness and purity. "No milk from any cow out of health, or just calved, or just deprived of her calf, or just bought, is to be sent. All milk is to be cooled in a refrigerator down to 60 degrees before despatch, and none is to be sent that has been bought. The sender is to be liable for all damage arising from neglect of any of these conditions." For the security of their customers in preventing milk from filthy farm-houses, or where the people or cattle are diseased, the company have a paid sanitary inspector, who makes occasional inspections of all their farms; they have in addition a medical board, who meet quarterly to receive the reports of the inspector and to make such suggestions on it as may occur to them. The company have also a well-arranged system for preventing those who deliver the milk by retail from diluting it. Thus every possible precaution is taken for securing pure milk.

The Aylesbury Company also supply another want; they can furnish an almost unlimited supply of cream. At the Swindon factory they can set for cream 1500 gallons of milk in 800 square feet of milk-pans; and if they get an order for 400 quarts of cream on any evening, it can be despatched the next morning. The skim-milk is made into cheese of poor quality; and, having complete arrangements for cheese-making, any day that the demand may fall off for "new" or "whole" milk, the company make cheese of the usual richness. Indeed, this company combine milk-selling and cheese-making, the former being the most prominent feature. At the Derby cheese factory they reverse this order of things, selling their milk only when it pays better than making it into cheese.

It would seem that companies on a similar scale, if managed with the same honesty and business ability, might find a profitable field in our large cities. The "milk producers," who are so much troubled by the extortion of the "middle-men," could take the whole business into their own hands by inaugurating such an enterprise. People in the city would naturally prefer to buy of such a company, whose guarantee of the quality of their milk would be indisputable, rather than to patronize the common run of irresponsible retailers. The latter would then have to be honest in order to secure any custom at all.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

How to Lay Shingles.—The correct way for laying shingles of any length, in order to form a roof leak-tight, is to lay the courses less than one-third the length of the shortest shingles. For example, when shingles are 18 inches long, many of them will not be more than 17 inches in length. Therefore five inches is all that the courses will bear to be laid to the weather with surety of forming a good roof. The shingles must be three thicknesses over the entire roof. If they are not three thicknesses—if now and then a shingle lacks a quarter or half an inch of being long enough to make three thicknesses—there will in all probability be a leaky place in the roof at such a point. Moreover, when the lower courses lack half an inch of extending up far enough to receive the rain from the outermost course, in case the middle course were removed, it would be just as well to lay them seven or eight inches to the weather as to lay only five or five and a half. Many shingles are only 16 inches long and many that are sold for 16 inches long will hardly measure 15 inches. In this case—if the roof be rather flat, say about one quarter pitch—four and a half inches is as far as they should be laid to the weather. In case a roof were quite steep it might answer to lay the courses four and three-quarter inches to the weather. When buildings are erected by the job, proprietors should give their personal attention to this subject, and see that jobbers do not lay the courses a half inch too far to the weather. There is another important consideration which is too frequently overlooked in shingling, which is breaking joints. Careless workmen will often break joints within half an inch of each other. When the joints of the different courses come so close together, the roof will most certainly leak. Why should it not? There is nothing to prevent it during a heavy rain. Unless a roof is steeper than a quarter pitch, much care should be taken to break joints not less than one and a quarter inches. Let all workmen and helpers be taught the vast importance of rejecting every poor shingle except when the upper courses are being laid.—*Canadian Mechanics' Magazine.*

Hogs in the Orchard.—A correspondent of the *American Farm Journal* says: "For the past two winters I have fed hogs a good portion of the time in my orchard, and continue to feed and pasture in it until the early fruit commences to fall. By so doing my orchard appears to be in a very flourishing condition, heavily loaded with large smooth apples, which appear to be clear of any effects of the apple worm. I believe this method of treating an orchard preferable to any other mode of cultivating an orchard yet tried. Having practised feeding corn in the ear around the apple trees, especially the ones of slowest growth and bearing, the result is such trees appear to grow and bear finely by such treatment. Hog manure and corn cobs no doubt are about the best manure that we can apply to trees to promote a healthy growth and good bearing. Then after the apples are gathered in the fall, if hogs are pastured and fed in the orchard they will doubtless destroy many worms that may remain in the refuse and decayed matter left on the ground, thereby greatly promoting the healthfulness of the next year's crop. Some care should be taken with young trees by placing some trimmings of brush around the roots to prevent the swine from rubbing against the tender trees, but if they shou'd scratch their backs against the large trees, all the better."

My Profession.—The Maine *Mirror* gives the testimony of a New Hampshire boy, now a resident of Wisconsin, a fine scholar, a graduate of Dartmouth, and a law student in Merrimack county, who, just previous to his admission to the bar, took a severe cold, which rendered him very deaf, and no medical skill was able to restore his hearing. This affliction compelled him to give up his chosen profession, and he went West very much broken down in spirits. For ten years he has been farming, cultivating about 200 acres of prairie land, as he expressed it, making a good living, and salting down something every year. And he declares that if, knowing what he now knows, he was to begin his active life over again, he would do just as he was compelled to do so unwillingly ten years ago; that is, he would throw aside his profession and settle down upon a farm. Said he:

"There isn't much glory in a farm, but you get a good, sure living. You are your own master; you can't starve or be turned out of business; and as far as the work is concerned in these days of horse-power, a man needn't kill himself at farming any more than at any other business. It is brains that win on a farm as well as anywhere else, and the smart man is going to ride, while the stupid one goes afoot, in the cornfield as well as in the bar or pulpit. I should like to have my hearing again, but I would'nt leave my farm if I had it.—*Christian Secretary.*

Cheese After Curing.—At the late meeting of the American Dairymen's Association a paper was read, contributed by Mr. A. S. Fish, of Herkimer County, N. Y., on the subject of heat in cheese-making. The *Rural New Yorker* condenses portions of it, and one of the features referred to is, holding the flavor of cheese after curing. On this point Mr. Fish would have one room connected with the factory where a low temperature could be secured during the hottest weather. Then, as fast as cheese is cured, and when the flavor is perfect, it may be placed in this room, under a low temperature, where decomposition is arrested and the flavor can be retained until such time as the cheese can be profitably put upon the market. In this way the annual loss which now occurs from "off-flavored" cheese can be avoided, and the reputation of factories for extra fine goods be increased. It is well known that large quantities of cheese "out of flavor" are annually crowded upon the market in July and August; and this cheese, on account of the necessity of its going into immediate consumption, has a depressing influence on the market. By shipping a perfect article prices could be better maintained, and consumption would be promoted, since many who are fond of good cheese and would buy liberally of a good article, will refuse that which is of bad flavor and is fast going into decay.

Value of Poultry Manure.—From actual experiment, we found that the droppings from four Brahmas, for one night, weighed, in one case, exactly one pound; and in another more than three-quarters, an average of nearly four ounces each bird. By drying, this was reduced to not quite 1¼ ounces. Other breeds make less; but allowing only 1 oz. per bird daily, of dry dung, fifty fowls will make, in their roosting house alone, about 10 cwt. per annum of the best manure in the world. Hence half an acre of poultry will make more than enough manure for an acre of land, 7 cwt. of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure being even richer than guano in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give equal return in this way, and these figures demand careful attention from the large farmer. The manure, before using, should be mixed with twice its bulk of earth, and then allowed to stand in a heap covered with a few inches of earth, till decomposed throughout, when it makes the very best manure than can be had.—*Illustrated Book of Poultry.*

Good Advice.—We know that many farmers have an idea that they cannot write well enough for publication, but this is all nonsense in this connection. We have plenty of employees in our office who can write and spell better than they can talk agriculture, and if our friends will give us their experience and opinion in a plain way, there are those here who will put their communications in proper shape. We want to get at the facts which our readers alone can furnish us, and the rest we can take care of here. If you have found a new variety of potatoes which is better than the old ones, write and let us know. If you have found how to raise pork at a profit, tell us about it. If you have proved anything by experiments in feeding cattle, or breaking colts, or keeping hens, let us know that, and so on.

—Take every precaution to prevent the accumulation of dust upon plants, and above all protect them from that terrible infliction, carpet sweeping. It may be well enough to kill the old people by compelling them to breathe clouds of dust, but send the children into the fresh air to skate, or to snow-ball, and screen the plant if possible. The essentials of success in plant culture are suitable soil, air, light, moderate and regular heat, a moist atmosphere, regular and moderate watering, and freedom from dust and foul gas.—*Vick's Floral Guide.*

—In Holland, a new disease has attacked pigs, for which no remedy has been found; the animals become entirely blue when dead. Bad potatoes are suspected to have something to do with the malady, which in any case are known to induce rottenness of the lungs.

DOMESTIC.

HOUSE CLEANING.

As far as practicable, move everything out of the room to be cleaned. If clothes or pieces of carpeting are stored in the attic, or in any room to be cleaned, take them into the yard, brush well, hang on the line, and let them remain there for the sun and wind to free from dust and dampness. While one is attending to the clothes, trunks, bags and boxes that usually fill up the attic, to expedite the work another with clean brushes, brooms and dusters can begin the cleaning. Brush every cobweb from the walls with a long-handled brush, and sweep down the walls with a stiff broom. Take up the dust and put into a pail—never leave it standing in the shallow dustpan to be blown back into the room. If the walls are hard-finish they can be washed off with some warm soapsuds and wiped dry. Then wash and polish the windows, and scrub all woodwork and the floors with very hot suds; rinse off with hot water, made hotter with a good quantity of cayenne or red pepper. If this is faithfully used this peppered rinsing-water will find its way into every crack or crevice in the wall or on the floor. Mice and rats will seek a *cooler* boarding place, and insects of all kinds will keep a respectful distance.

When the floor is well scrubbed and dried, blow with a small bellows which comes for this purpose cayenne pepper, Persian Powder or Poole's Moth Powder into every hole or crack that can be reached, and then replace whatever belongs in the room unless the walls, not being hard-finish, need to be whitewashed. This must be done after the wood-work is washed and scrubbed, but before scrubbing the floor, that any whitewash that may drop from the brush may be removed.

The attic finished descend to the next story, and so on till all parts of the house have been faithfully cleaned. But never attempt more than one or two rooms at a time. Do not make the family wretched by making the whole house unfit to stay in. It sometimes happens that all the family are absent except the mistress, and then the whole house may be dismantled and cleaned at once. This is always a comfort, because the work can be done so much easier and better. Then all the help that can work to advantage can be called in, and the whole work speedily accomplished. A half dozen cleaners for three days are no more troublesome or expensive than half the number for twice as many days.

In cleaning a room remove everything that can be moved without injury. Take down curtains and cover such articles as must remain in the room. Take up such carpets as need cleaning, and, if not sent to a carpet-sweeping establishment, remove them to the back yard, stretch across a clothes-line, and get a man to beat and brush them faithfully. While the carpets are receiving their share of attention another hand can clean whatever is removed from the room. Brush the upholstered furniture with a furniture brush, cleaning around each button or tuft. Turn sofas and chairs down, and beat them with a carpet or furniture whip, then brush again, and wipe the covers with a clean damp cloth to take off what dust may have settled. Take a basin of warm soap suds and wash all the wood work and carving with a soft cloth. Wash only a small part of one thing at a time, and then wipe dry as quickly as possible and polish with a chamois skin. If left wet till the whole piece is well washed the soap suds may turn the varnish. But if carefully done it cleans furniture of all finger marks.—*Mrs. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

Dessert of Apples.—Make a rich syrup of a pound of sugar and put into it a pound of finely-flavored ripe sour apples, nicely pared and cored. Stew till soft, then mix smoothly with the syrup and pour all into a mold. Stir into a pint of rich cream, or if none, new milk must answer, two well-beaten eggs, half a cup of sugar, and let it just boil up in a farina kettle; then set aside to cool. When cold take the apples from the mold and pour this cream custard around it and serve. If spice or flavoring is agreeable, nutmeg, vanilla or rose-water can be used.

FEEDING THE TEMPLE BIRDS AND DOGS IN JAPAN.

Connected with many of the Buddhist temples in China and Japan, are a number of domestic animals, birds or fishes, which are treated as if they were sacred, being tended by the priests with the greatest care, and given burial like to that of human beings when they die. The priests teach the people that it is a highly meritorious act to purchase food from them wherewith to feed the animals, and few visit the temples without doing this. It is one great source of the income of the priests.

The Buddhists believe in the transmigration of souls into the bodies of various animals, and a strict follower of this religion will by no means take animal life, lest he should dislodge the human soul, which for the time being is in the animal. He much prefers, and he thinks it a work of great merit in him, to preserve life and to carefully tend and show honor to living things; and not only for the reason we have mentioned, but, also, as some amends for the ills the animal creation suffers at the hands of man.

At a celebrated temple in Honam, near Canton, a dozen enormous pigs are maintained in the greatest possible comfort and plenty. Every honor is paid to them, and when one dies another is immediately found to take its place. Their styes are kept beautifully clean, and some of these animals live to a good old age—fifty, sixty and even seventy years.

At a famous temple in Hangchow there is a very large pond, filled with various kinds of fish, which are so tame that they will raise their bodies half out of the water to receive the food given them. At other temples swans are kept; at others turtles, &c.

In some of the Japanese temples beautiful horses are kept, and treated as sacred; and in others curious and ugly-looking dogs, which the Japanese make house pets of. At one temple in Oyama there are no less than thirty of these dogs. An English gentleman who visited this temple writes:

"I watched what was going on, when I saw that the visitors gave a man a small coin, and that he then threw the food on the ground, causing a playful rush of the dogs. The food was boiled rice, made into small rolls, and no one seemed to go away without paying for some to be given to the dogs."

In the grounds of the temple, which the Japanese lady and her little girl represented in the picture are visiting, birds are kept as well as the queer looking dogs; and the exceding tameness of the birds is well shown in the picture. The engraving is copied from a Japanese drawing, and shows exactly the style of dress, mode of arranging the hair, &c, of Japanese ladies and girls.

Chinese and Japanese parents are very fond of taking their children to the temples where the sacred animals are, in order that they may have the pleasure of feeding them. If at these visits they merely learned lessons of kindness to the creatures whom God has made it would be well, but they are instructed in the strange doctrine of the passing of human souls at death into the bodies of animals, birds, &c., and what otherwise would be harmless and even beneficial, becomes superstitious and hurtful. And then the little ones are taken inside the temples and taught to worship the idols and pray to the false gods.

But Christian truth is now spreading in Japan, and many parents and children are learning that an idol is nothing in the world; that there is no other God but One, and no other Saviour but the Lord Jesus Christ. Many of the heathen temples are being closed or used for other purposes, the bells and bronze images being sold as old metal, and the wooden idols destroyed.

May the idolatry of the Japanese soon cease entirely, and the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ be established in all parts of the country.—*Ex.*

BRAIDING: HOW TO BRAID MATS.

I well remember my first attempt to braid. It was not a success, but I feel sure that the failure was owing (in a great measure at least) to the materials which were put into my inexperienced hands.

The piece of work was an antimacassar, the material was book-muslin, and I had to from the buds, flowers, leaves, and stalks of fuchsias with worsted braid. Can you imagine any work more troublesome than that of sewing thick, stiff braid on to thin, stretching muslin?

Fortunately for you, my dears, this style of brading is no longer in fashion. A thicker material has taken the place of the thin, and therefore the task of braiding is much less difficult to accomplish.

When braid is clumsily put on, it only spoils the appearance of the material it is intended to improve; but when braid is neatly and properly sewed on, it most certainly makes the material look much handsomer than it did when without braid.

Of the three kinds of braid, cotton, worsted, and silk, that made of cotton is decidedly the easiest to manage. Worsted braid is stiff, and unwilling to turn itself over and backwards. Silk braid is quite amiable in that respect, but it is very soon injured. Beginners whether old or young, cannot, you know, do anything perfectly at first, and in braiding, as in other kinds of work, stitches have often to be taken out, for sometimes the braid is allowed to run off the line, and then it has to be removed and put on the boundary mark. Well, cotton or worsted braid is none the worse for these alterations, but silk braid would be certainly damaged. You little ones would be sure to catch hold of some of the threads of the braid as well as of the working thread, and then that portion of it would look rough and ragged; and as braid cannot be cut and joined in the middle of a pattern, you see the pre-

dicament in which you would be placed.

Therefore it is better to use cotton braid while we are learners. Afterwards, when we have become clever at this kind of work, we can try to manage the unwilling worsted and the soft silk braids. What would you like to braid? A pinafore for the baby brother, a night-gown case for yourself, or a set of mats for your mother's toilet table? Size of material is a consideration; a large piece is awkward and tiresome, for it has to be turned and twisted almost as much as the braid. For this reason we will decide upon doing the mats, they being small in comparison to the other pieces of work. There will be seven of them, but as they vary in size and shape, and perhaps slightly in pattern, I do not think that we shall grow tired of them.

Clever people can design the patterns, and trace them for themselves on the material; but you and I are not sufficiently clever to do that now; perhaps we may be by-and-by.

I cannot go with you to make the purchases, but I can advise you to select what is called a stiff set pattern. Drooping flowers and leaves look extremely well when they appear on a large piece, but not on small mats.

It is certain that white braid can be washed and yet look well; but there is always the fear that pink or scarlet may lose their color, so take a knot of white. The braid must be wound neatly round a card. You want a No. 9 needle, and cotton strong but not thick. When the cotton is very fine, it has not the necessary strength to hold the braid closely down to the material, and when it is very thick the stitches show too distinctly.

Let me tell you while I think of it, when you use silk braid sew it on with threads out of the same. It is most difficult to get sewing silk the exact color, and the stitches show when there is the slightest difference of shade. So I always cut off a piece of the braid, and draw out the threads of silk as I want them.

Now then, are you ready? Look about for some obscure corner in which to begin. What are you going to do with the end of the braid. Tuck it under? Nay, that will never do. There would be a lump, and two lumps and bumps when you had fastened off the other end. Leave an inch or two, and I will show you how to dispose of it when you have finished braiding. Now wind along the pattern, keep steadily on the blue lines which mark out the pattern, for if you wriggle off first on one side then on the other the tracery of the leaves and flowers or the exactness of the geometrical figures will be imperfect. Be careful to put your needle in and out in the centre of the braid. Mind how you turn the corners. No hurrying, if you please, for this turning of corners is the chief difficulty; it is the part of the work which requires the most care. When you have got to the extreme point of a corner, turn back the braid, for as both sides are precisely alike, this turning over does not matter, Stitch the braid firmly down. I fully expect that you will have to take some stitches undone, perhaps two or three times, before the corner looks neatly and satisfactorily turned. When you come to a straight line, again I say do not travel along it at too great a speed. Take small stitches, and plenty of them. Do not hold the braid too tightly or the material will be puckered; at the same time do not hold the braid too loosely, or it itself will be puckered.

But, dear me, how twisted and twirled the braid has become with being constantly turned backwards and forwards! To stop and deliberately untwist it would take up too much of our time. I can tell you how to get it straight in the twinkling of an eye. Fasten the braid with a pin on the card as far as it is straight, now hold the mat, and let the card dangle in the air. See how fast it spins round! The braid is untwisting itself as rapidly as it can.

The mat is now finished; you have come to the point at which you began; cut off the braid (not closely); get a rug-needle, thread it with the end of braid, and pull it through on to the wrong side. When each end has been brought through, fasten them neatly and firmly down with your other needle and thread. Place the ends on the back of the other braid, and then the stitches which fasten them will be hidden by it on the right side,

A cotton fringe sewed round the edge of the mats will make them quite complete. When you have finished the seven, you must press the whole of them on the *wrong* side with a cool iron; this pressure will wonderfully improve their faces.

HOW THEY TELEGRAPHED THE DISCOVERY OF THE CROSS.

Mr. Wm. C. Prime, in his fascinating little book, just published, "Holy Cross," says that the old towers on the headlands along the Levant, are commonly believed to have been built for watchtowers to signal the discovery of the Cross. Admitting that it may be simply a tradition, he yet says that the notion is a grand one, and that many a night on those seas he has imagined that signal flashing along the headlands.

"There was no Morse then, and no telegraphic wires were laid, to be the thrilling nerves along which the news of the discovery should spread through all the Christian body. But when the shout went up above the walls of Jerusalem that the Cross was found, they lit the signal fire on the tower of David on Mount Zion. Far off at Ramah, where Samuel had once dwelt, a watcher, with eye fixed on Jerusalem, saw the light and touched his beacon. On the hill of Omri, Samaria the strong, they saw the flames, and kindled their own to speed the tidings The cedar wood blazed high on Lebanon. Berytus flashed it on to Tripoli, and Tripoli to Antioch, city of the Christian name. Then across the gulf of Tarsus, and the flame gleamed from Mount Taurus on the cold waves of the Cydnus and leaped on to Laodicea and to Sardis. Pactolus was never so golden as in that midnight light, gleaming over the white walls of the already crumbling temple of Cybele. From island to island it fled along the Ægean Sea. From the hills of Lesbos, where the wine flowed red and foaming, they saw it who watched on Mount Ida, many-fountained Ida, and the plain of Troy and the yellow waters of Scamander were lit with the ruddy glow. Far Olympus, crowned with eternal snow, Olympus of Bithynia, caught the news, and the blaze on his summit shone over the Propontis, even to the window where the Roman Emperor sat in the solemn night, and then the shout that had gone up an hour before in Jerusalem, was echoed and re-echoed a hundred times by the myriads who thronged the midnight streets of the new Imperial City. The Cross was found. Yes, they believed it.—*Chris. Weekly.*

"I'LL TAKE THE SHORTEST, PAPA."

One day a gentleman entered a store, accompanied by his two little daughters.

"Buy us each a lead pencil, papa," said Ada.

"Yes, do, papa," said May, entreatingly.

He studied a moment, and then said, "I'll get you one and divide it between you."

Which he did, but contrary to his intentions, one piece was longer than the other. Laying the two pieces together, he said, "One piece is smaller than the other, daughters. What shall I do?"

I expected to see the pink lips pout, but instead, the clear voice of little May, the younger of the two rang cheerily, "I'll take the shortest, papa."

The tears glistened in more than one eye for a moment, and many times since have her unselfish words echoed in my ears.

Afterward a lady came with a little daughter. "Buy me something, mamma," said the little girl.

The frugal mother bought two figs.

"One is for you," she said, "and the other is for Mary."

I knew that poor Mary's lot in life was a sad one. All winter she had been helpless with inflammatory rheumatism, and when spring came we feared quiet consumption was on her track.

The little girl eyed the figs, and as she went out filled her mouth with one—fuller than it ought to have been.

"Why have you taken the biggest?" said the mother.

"There is hardly a bite in the other."

"But Mary is sick," said the mother.

Yet the selfish little girl was not sorry at all.

My thoughts went back to little May: "I'll take the shortest, papa."—*Watchman.*

—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, became absorbed in contemplation of the skies. Being asked of what she was thinking, she replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be!"

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

Psa. 37 : 7.

The Family Circle.

THE FEET THAT NEVER STRAY.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

As I mused in the city of the dead,
One golden summer day,
And paused where the gleaming marble shone
In its lustre fair, o'er some favored one
Of earth's loved, and called away;
By the rustic pale, and the lowly cross,
By the simple tablet stained with moss
That had edged it where it lay,
With a sudden sorrow I traced a name
On a broken shaft. Ah, what memories came
To shadow the sun-bright day!
And I bowed my head, with the silent dead,
And wept—I could not pray.

Ah! life so fleet, that thy gifts so sweet
Should be lightly thrown away,
Thy teachings spurned with a scoffing frown,
And thy pleasant sun into night go down
Ere yet 'tis the close of day.
I turned where the tender grasses wave
In quiet peace o'er a baby's grave,
And low in the grass there lay
A little cross. How my heart was stirred
By the thankful trust of the graven word
I read from its page that day,
"The little feet in the golden street
Can never go astray."

O little feet in the golden street,
Not for you I wept that day,
Though my tears fell fast in the waving grass
That grew above you; alas! alas!
For griefs that we cannot stay.
I wept for the wayward wand'rer's fate,
Whose feet strayed far from the narrow gate,
Aye, strayed into sin's broad way.
God knoweth the torn heart's piteous need;
His ways are just, though some hearts must bleed;
And I bless His name alway,
That the little feet in the golden street
Can never go astray.

—*S. S. Times.*

LEARNING HER VALUE.

"Just what I have been expecting for about seven years," said Miss Pauline Worthington, looking from an open letter in her hand with a frowning brow.

"Is not your letter from Herbert, Lina?" questioned Mrs. Worthington, a tiny, silver-haired old lady with a gentle expression.

"Yes, mother Essie is very ill with low, nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay until she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock, mother," and Miss Pauline's eyes snapped. "I think it is about time Bert's tyranny over that little martyr was ended. He's killing her."

"Lina! He is your brother."

"I can see his faults if he is."

"I never heard Essie complain."

"She never would. But look at her. Nine years ago when she was married she was a lively sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet and reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her former summer brightness! Now she has broken down. You have seen her at home, but surely when she is here you see the change."

"Yes, dear, she has changed; but family cares—"

"Has Louie changed so? She has been twelve years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. Louie was her oldest child, and presided over the home in which her mother had been a crippled prisoner for fifteen years. She took all the household care and had five children, and yet Louie had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage, even if the sport of girlhood was gone.

"Henry appreciates Louie!" said Lina; "there lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault-finder."

"Perhaps, dear, Essie is not as good a housekeeper as Ellie. Herbert may have cause to find fault.'

"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless house or housekeeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina."

"Because Louie and I thought it better not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. But firmly believing, as I do now, that Herbert is actually worrying his wife into the grave, I intend to give him a lesson, that is if you can spare me to go?"

"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the fourteen miles drive to her brother's house. It was a house wherein no evil spirit of repining and fault-finding should have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well trained servants, and all the comforts wealth could furnish, it seemed a perfect paradise to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exorcise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portal of the eternal home. There was a babe, too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert snarled and fretted over domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick room, having the doctor's authority for saying that the patient's very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence commenced, Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and took control of Herbert, the older children and the household, fully determined to show her brother how far he carried his absurd habit of fault-finding.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach, by practically illustrating some of Herbert's absurdities. Herbert entered the dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by a frown.

"Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover; "perfect dish-water!"

"Susan," said Lina, sharply, before Herbert could lift the ladle, "take that tureen to the kitchen and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the delicious dish were tantalizing. Essie would have some gentle excuse—never whipped off his dinner in that way. All dinner time Lina kept up a ding-dong at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert heartily wished he had said nothing about it. But his imagination had detected a burnt flavor in the pudding, and before he could remonstrate, that dish had followed the soup.

"I'll get this house in some sort of order before I leave it," said Lina, emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert, sharply "Do you suppose you are a better housekeeper than Essie? Why, I have not a friend who does not envy me the exquisite order of my house and my dainty table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I heard you say you did wish there was ever anything fit to eat on the table."

"One don't expect every word to be taken literally," said Herbert, rather sulkily. But an hour later, finding a streak of dust in the sitting-room, he declared emphatically "it was not fit for a pig to live in."

Coming into it the next morning he found the curtains torn down, the carpets taken up, the floor littered with pails, soap, and brushes, and Lina in a dismal dress, her hair tied up in a towel, directing two women, scrubbing vigorously.

"Good gracious, what are you doing?"

"Cleaning this room."

"Why, Essie had the whole house cleaned until it shone, in the fall, and didn't make half the muss," he added, contemptuously.

"Well," said Lina, slowly, "I thought this room a marvel of neatness myself, but when you said it was not fit for the pigs I supposed you wanted it cleaned."

"The room was well enough," was the curt reply. "For mercy's sake don't turn any more of the house upside down."

At breakfast, a tiny tear in Louie's apron caught her father's eye, and by his own angry statement she never had a decent stitch of clothes, and he did wish somebody would see to her."

Two days later a formidable dry goods bill was presented at the store, and Lina explained it to him in this wise:—

"You said, Herbert, that Louie hadn't a decent stitch, and you wished somebody would see to her, so I bought her a complete outfit. I could not see any fault myself, but of course I got more expensive articles, as you did not like those already provided. I am glad you called my attention to the poor, neglected child."

"Poor, neglected child!" echoed astonished Herbert. "Why, Lina, Essie fairly slaves herself out over those children. I am sure I never see any better dressed or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders. A month passed. Essie gained strength in the genial atmosphere surrounding Louie and her mother, while Lina ruled Herbert's home with a rod of iron. Herbert began to experience a sick longing for Essie's gentle presence. Lina took him so very literally in all he said, and yet he could not rebuke her for doing exactly what he openly wished.

A chair with a tiny spot of dirt being declared absolutely filthy, was upholstered and varnished at a cost of eight dollars. A dozen new shirts, Essie's last labor of love, being said to "sit like meal bags," were bestowed upon the gardener, and a new set sent from a furnishing store. Harry's blocks were burned at the kitchen fire when Herbert, stepping upon one, said he "would not have such rubbish in the house." Every window was opened after a pettish declaration that the "room was as hot as an oven," and an hour later the stove was fired up to smothering heat because he declared it "cold enough to freeze a polar bear."

In short, with apparently an energetic attempt to correct all shortcomings and put the housekeeping upon a perfect basis, Lina in one month nearly doubled her brother's expenses, and drove him to the verge of distraction, keeping actual account of every complaint.

But Essie, well and strong again, was coming home. On the day of her expected arrival, Lina, with a solemn face, invited her brother into the sitting-room for a few moments of private conversation.

"Herbert," she said, very gravely, "I have a proposition to make to you. You are my only brother, and I need not tell you I love you very dearly. It has really grieved me to the heart to see how much there is to find fault with in your beautiful home."

Herbert twisted himself uneasily in his chair, but Lina continued:

"You know that mother is very dependent on me, Louie having the house and children to care for, but I think she would sacrifice her own comfort for yours So, if you wish, Herbert, I will come here permanently, to keep things in order for you."

Here Lina was obliged to pause and strangle a laugh at Herbert's expression of utter horror and dismay.

"You are very kind," he faltered, the instincts of a gentleman battling with the strong desire to tell Lina she would certainly drive him to a lunatic asylum by six months more of her model house-keeping.

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortunate marriage certainly needs all the aid and sympathy his family can give him."

The last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Herbert spoke hotly:

"You are entirely mistaken, Lina! I have not made an unfortunate marriage. If ever a man was blessed in a wife, I am that man."

"You amaze me, Herbert," Lina cried in well-feigned astonishment.

"I do not see why you should be surprised. Essie is gentle, loving, orderly, a model housekeeper, and a perfect home angel—God bless her."

"Herbert, is that true?"

"Certainly it is true."

"I cannot believe it," was the slow response.

"Cannot believe it! Why?"

"Because"—and Lina dwelt impressively upon every word—"during the nine years of your married life, though visiting here frequently, I never heard you speak one word of encouragement or praise to Essie. I never saw one look of approbation or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort, upon your face. Continual fault-finding, constant blame, have changed her from a happy, winsome girl to a pale, care-worn woman Even her last illness was but the unbroken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure and constant striving for the approbation never given. And you tell me now she has never failed in her duty to you. There is a grave error somewhere."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thoughtful gravity sent every word home to Herbert Worthington's heart. He spoke no word of self-defence as Lina slowly left the room. In the profound silence that followed, conscience reviewed the past, and he knew that his sister had only spoken the truth. The habit of fault-finding, meeting no resistance in Essie's gentleness, had gained in force, till all its monstrosity stood revealed in the experience of the past month.

In the days when Essie lay dangerously ill, there had been no self-reproach like this in her husband's sorrow. He had given his wife a fair home, an ample income, frequent social pleasures, many costly gifts, and loved her faithfully, while poisoning her whole life.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this fault. Essie shall hear no more fault-finding, and if I see her drooping, I will send her to mother and have Lina back again."

Never had wife and mother warmer welcome than greeted Essie. The children were unchecked in their loudest demonstration of delight. But Lina had to rush into the hall to hide her merry eyes when Herbert kissing Essie, said:

"We must let mother have Lina now, dear; she has been very kind and worked hard for my comfort; but there is no home-fairy like my Essie."

The quick, glad look in his wife's soft eyes told Herbert that one step had been taken in the right direction. As the days glided by, and Essie found appreciation meeting every effort to add to home comfort, a word of praise for every little triumph of cookery or needle-work, her pale face grew bright with untold happiness. Gradually the careworn expression was obliterated by one of sweet content, and Herbert found his own heart lightened by the cheerful voice, the sunny smile, the bright eyes of the Essie he had wooed years before.

And Lina, making a visit six months later, told her mother on her return:

"Herbert has learned his lesson by heart, mother. He appreciates Essie now at her value, and he *lets her know it.*"—*Home Companion.*

NEITHER POVERTY NOR RICHES.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Two weeks ago we related an interesting conversation with a young wife anxious to assist her husband in making his small salary support them in comfort and respectability, and mentioned our advice to try keeping house on a very small scale.

The little lady listened attentively, earnestly desiring to be a true "help meet" to her husband, but evidently half doubting that the ideas we were endeavoring to make simple and intelligible could be or ever had been put in practice. When at last we told her how to manage on "washing day," her astonishment was unbounded.

"Do my own washing! Why, I never did a bit of washing in my life!"

"Well, it is never too late to begin. You say you are strong and have excellent health. The prevalent idea that there is degradation in it, or that the washing for two persons must be hard work, is a great mistake. Many things that every good housekeeper must do are infinitely harder than washing."

"I have always put great reliance on your directions and receipts, because you tell us that you speak only of what you know and have tried your own self. But do not think me rude, dear madam, if I cannot help feeling that in advising me to attempt to keep house in one or two small rooms, and do my own work, washing included, you must be speaking theoretically, not practically. If in my circumstances, do please to tell me, could you, would you attempt to do yourself that which you have advised me to undertake?"

"My dear child, in this matter, as in many others, the advice is based on actual experience, and under far less favorable circumstances than you have any prospect of encountering. Our life has not been an easy one, and we sincerely hope it will never be too easy. Those who, in the common acceptation of that phrase, have an 'easy life' never fully develop into all that God gave them capacity to be. They are dwarfed. If not exactly indolent, they are never self-helpful, and bury half, and often more than half, of their talents in a napkin.

"As you seem sceptical, listen to the story how we began housekeeping: With a salary not half equal to your husband's, we were first settled far West. For six weeks we boarded, or rather were entertained by a parishioner. Then changes in their family rendered it necessary for us to decide on some more independent mode of living. Boarding was too expensive and would eat up all our small income. But how could we keep house on it?

"You have sufficient to furnish one room, you say. We had nothing. We could not rent a whole house. That was far beyond our ability. At last we found two small rooms, but such rooms! They had been occupied by laboring men, without a woman's care, and were exceedingly dirty. But we knew what soap and water guided by a willing spirit could do to purify and freshen. Tobacco juice and smoke well dried in, require many pails of hot suds and renewed applications before they can be obliterated; and our landlord would not consent to paint. This work was very hard; but we did not scrub alone. The husband, with as willing hands and a much stronger arm, lightened the labors wonderfully, and made our first house-cleaning a time never to be forgotten.

"At last our little rooms were clean, and to furnish them was the next effort. A cook stove, a small square of cotton carpeting that just covered the middle of the floor in our 'best room,' an old bureau, a pair of candlestsicks, half a dozen cups and saucers, and as many knives and forks, were given us. The husband's college study-table, chair, single bedstead, and a brass lamp were hunted up from the 'good-for-nothings' in the Seminary yard, well cleaned and polished, and sent down from the Seminary to our home. We found, among some rubbish in our back-yard thrown out to be burned, three shelves, the remnants of an old bookcase. These were cleaned, varnished, and screwed to the back of the study-table, and the top of the table covered with a piece of cloth, the remains of an old coat found also among the debris of college days. Now what country parson could ask for a more convenient, not to say elegant, study-table than this?

"A very cheap table covered with an old shawl, half-a-dozen wood-seated chairs, a cheap bedstead, husk mattress and pillows, two sheets and a pair of pillow-cases—to be washed, ironed, aired and replaced every Monday—completed the furniture of what was to

be the pastor's study and our parlor and bedroom. Fortunately there was a small cupboard in the room which held all our table furniture.

"The smaller room was to be the kitchen, and in it the stove was placed. There was a sink in this room, and from two boards found among the fuel the husband made a cover, which could be shut down over the sink and make a cooking-table or ironing-table, as needed. A curtain of four-cent calico was stretched by a wire across one corner of the room, making a half circle. A wire ran through the hem at the bottom and, linked into staples at each corner, held it firm like a partition. Here, on a bench on one side, the tubs and washboiler were placed, the flour barrel and other stores on the other side; overhead, the bridle, saddle, &c., were hung wrapped up in a piece of this same expensive calico, and a calico roof was stretched over all to keep out the dust.

"The single bed, redeemed from the rubbish of college days, having been well-nigh worn out with scrubbing and scalding, was placed in the back part of the room Four long poles were screwed into the corners, a strong wire on which a curtain of calico was strung was fastened into staples at the top of the poles. This was our wardrobe when we had no company, and our garments were tied to the wire inside. But if company came to stay over night our garments were all folded, put into trunks and slipped under the bed, and our double bed with its husk mattress and pillows given up to our guests, and we adjourned to the kitchen.

"This gives you a full list of our furniture. Here we passed the first year of our married life, and there never was and never can be a happier year. We did our own work, washing, ironing and all. It was often hard at first, but thanks to the training of a noble mother the work was not unfamiliar, and knowing the value of systematic labor, we soon learned to do all that was needed and yet have many spare hours After keeping well ahead of our own sewing, we found leisure to take other sewing that was remunerative and a great help.

"Remember that in living in small apartments there is less to do than if occupying a whole house. Even one large room, with a screen or curtain stretched across to hide the cook stove and table should callers happen in at untimely hours, is almost as convenient as two small ones if not liable to company occasionally over night. You have the advantage of us in selecting a room; for in a large city there are many to choose from. Try to secure one with wardrobe and a cupboard. These are a great convenience if one can find them and afford the rent of such room, but not an absolute necessity if they cannot be found. The united ingenuity of husband and wife should be able to improvise a substitute.

"Begin with prompt and early rising, even if the husband's avocation does not compel an early breakfast. All the more reason for early rising if that be so, for by this excellent habit he will have an hour or two to assist in making the small home more convenient. If the room which is to be home is on the second story, as ours was, he will take pleasure in splitting wood, if you are fortunate enough to have any, bring up water and coal enough to last till his return, or to go for such marketing as may be needed. We would be thankful if always sure of as cheerful and competent an assistant as we know a good husband can be.

"As the work grows familiar it will not take long to finish that which pertains to the morning's work. Of course, with one or even two rooms the bed cannot be made till after breakfast, but spread it up neatly and air the room. As soon as breakfast is over and the husband leaves for his day's work, lay the bed clothes by an open window, turn over the mattress, shake up the pillows, and leave all for a thorough airing till the dishes are washed and the early morning work finished. Then make the bed, sweep and dust the room, and if your husband does not return to dinner, as is too often the case in cities, arrange for your own simple lunch and for the pleasant dinner with him on his return. Then there will be a long, quiet time for sewing, reading, writing or any outside work that may be needed. On Monday the washing for two cannot take more than an hour or two, and yet leave plenty time for rest by reading, sewing, etc., before the late dinner, unless you prefer to 'to make a day of it' and do washing and ironing the same day.

"Make all preparations for breakfast the night before, and, if a late dinner is necessary, be sure that the breakfast is strength-giving though simple, and keep on hand something that can be neatly put up for your husband's lunch, for home lunches should be more palatable, aside from being more economical, than any found at restaurants.

"Have we convinced you that our advice, if theoretical, is capable of practical demonstration? If so, we shall hope to hear that you have tried it with great success; and doubt not you will make improvement on our personal illustration or individual experience."—*Christian Union.*

THE MOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and the most forlorn of the human species; so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz., that all happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her little gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of shreds and patches, coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was weary with her long journey.

"We hav'n't got any horse," she replied; "the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n, and it would cost as much to hire one, as all my thread will come to."

"You have a husband—don't he do anything for you?"

"He is a good man—he does all he can, but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn, and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need to have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why, ma'am, I do not look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman. "I consider that I have great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It's a family, surely, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all healthy children as need to be—willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy when he gets a cent now and then for doing an errand, will be sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are abed."

"Don't you think you should be better off, if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married, I should always had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do no more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I have done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

CHURCH LIBRARIES.

A lady writing in the *North Western Advocate* says:

Everybody reads more or less. Everybody has not the means of supplying himself with the best reading. The church library would supplement the means of the wealthier members and be a positive blessing to the poor, to whom the price of a book is almost equal to a week's supply of the necessaries of life.

The success of the library as an educator depends largely upon the librarian. This office should be filled by a reading man or woman fully conversant with the contents of the books on the shelves; of sufficient penetration and knowledge of people to be able to recommend the right things—to suggest suitable books for different sorts of readers; that, unconsciously to themselves, they may be brought on to read more and better books each year Many people would read better books than they do, but they do not know what to take hold of; they are bewildered by the multitude of books, and are deterred from attempting anything. The librarian should with his greater knowledge of his particular library, supplement the lesser knowledge of its patrons.

Among the young his service may be invaluable. He may, if he is judicious, lead them on, according to their several ability, in any direction he sees fit, and reap an abundant harvest for the labor he bestows, in the increased intelligence and added culture of the church. Some may say, "The public libraries are sufficient." But, in the nature of the case, a public library can not fill the place of a church library. First, the large number of works of fiction all of sorts in these libraries is a strong temptation to fritter away time in useless reading; then, every one must take his book and pass on as quickly as may be. There is no time for consultation or conversation upon the contents of any given book. The hours also at which large libraries are open make them practically useless to large numbers. A church library can be opened at hours to suit every one. Arrangements should be made to have the room warm and light on certain evenings. The librarian must be present, and perfect order and quiet prevail, so that any who desire may sit and read.

One day in the week at least it should be open for the benefit of the children; and here the most good is to be done. These little folks are much wider awake than some of the older people in the church give them credit for. They will do a great deal of good, sound reading if it is only put into their hands.

I would put the Sunday-school and church library all in one, and then put it in the hands of a live, thinking, thoroughly converted soul, who should be an encyclopedia in himself of church work, church news, church literature, and church interests.

A well-ordered library might be made a centre of sociability in the church. In talking over this subject with a finely cultured friend, a minister of the Methodist Church, he said: "Appointing a time to be sociable is like appointing a time to be honest."

When the time comes for a sociable, the people array themselves in their best garments, put on their company faces, take along their company manners, and gather in the church. A few, who see each other often and are well acquainted, have a good time, the rest range themselves against the walls and think: "There are plenty of good times, if they were only in 'em." Now, if something could be done to make all the people feel a community of interest, to throw some ideas among them to furnish topics of conversation, these wall-flowers might be plucked up and set in the middle of things and made to feel that this was their church and their sociable. An open library would make a pretty good centre about which to set this sociability revolving. I would have the books displayed attractively. No brown-paper covers to obscure the pretty bindings. I would take out the difference in the expense of keeping the books in order in the satisfaction of seeing them adorn the room. The very sight of the books would unloose the tongues of some of the dumb ones. Many who care nothing for the social feature would visit the library often, and so become acquainted. Others, again, who care little for books would come for the sake of seeing who was there, and, by and by, would be interested in the books.

De Witt Talmage said, in a lecture not long ago: "The Church has been telling the young people, for a great while, 'You cannot do this, and you cannot do that.' Now we have got to tell them something they can do." "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." They make everything pleasing and attractive. The Church must borrow some of their weapons, and provide counter attractions. The Church must make it its business to provide recreation for the young, or the force of its prohibitions will be broken. What is better for a beginning than a library?

WHAT IS DONE WITH IT?

It is some years now since the American public were startled into the conviction, or rather impression, that their children were being intellectually too highly fed.

The whole subject of education is on so empirical a basis in our country that the least breath of criticism is sufficient to send it reeling in any direction. It may be considered the best example of unstable equilibrium which can be presented. A pyramid on its apex is not to be considered for one moment in comparison. Moved, then, by the growing whispers which filled the air, it leaned instantly to the leeward. As might have been expected, the excitement and anxiety were greatest in those places where public education had its focus. The commitee, under the strong pressure, even enacted laws that no study should be allowed out of school hours to the girls of the public schools, or they limited the time so much that it amounted practically to nothing. By this regulation they hoped to give a rest to the preternaturally excited brains of the unfortunate victims. They in fact presented all the girls in the public schools with several hours of time.

Did it once occur to them to ask what the girls would do with this extra time, when they had it? But this was a very important question. Did they fancy that the weary girls would go to bed two or three hours sooner? Did they hope that they would become familiar with Hume and Prescott and Motley, or that they would grow on Shakespeare or Milton, or rest their paralyzed faculties with Tennyson or Whittier, or Longfellow? Did they think of it at all? Now what are the facts? Let any teacher of a grammar-school take the trouble to enquire of her room-full of girls, of thirteen or fourteen, the time at which they retired the night before and how they spent their evening, and she will begin to accumulate statistics which may possibly throw some light on the question: "What do the girls do with their time?" Bending over fine embroidery, putting the needle carefully in and out of holes in canvas, dressing in low-necked dresses for a party, going in company with their young friends to see sensational French melodroma and coming home at eleven o'clock with tear-stained cheeks, practising before their pianos for hours, or singing to win the applause of evening callers—or what is quite as likely, oblivious of the surrounding world, rapt, entranced over a novel of Mrs. Southworth, Miss Braddon, Charles Reade or Edmund Yates. This is what the girls are doing with the time given them.

In old days we girls had no time for such employment because we had our lessons to learn for the next day, and we were expected to learn them.

I merely want to put the question as to which will hurt a girl more, the solution of a dozen arithmetic examples, or two or three dozen if you like, the translation of twenty lines of Virgil, or such work as that above referred to?

The oculists shake their heads over the myopia and spasms of accommodation; the dentists declare that the teeth are suffering from the great nervous strain; the physicians ask to have the hours of school-time intermitted. Meanwhile the teacher, made responsible for a certain amount of work to be done in a certain time, finds the demand as to general studies in no wise lessened, and sees drawing and sewing in the danger of absorbing more and more of her precious six hours, and she is forbidden to demand any work out of school of her girls. She has already asked the question at the head of this paper in many a school-room, and now she desires to suggest that it be answered more publicly.

The fact is, the two or three hours that used to be spent out of school in study are not spent in sleep. What are the girls doing with them, and is the matter of health much improved by the change of use?—*Anna C. Brackett, in N. E. Journal of Education.*

HOW TO REACH THE MASSES.

An Illinois pastor has these sensible thoughts to offer:

"We cannot solve the great, loose problem that haunts every convention of Christians—How to reach the non-church-going masses'—but we can easily find our duty in the case. *For you and me there is no mass to be reached!* Your neighbor, who reads his Sunday morning paper, and leaves his pew cold, is not a *mass.* Your servant, with whom you can make some adjustment of house-work, is not a *mass.* Your Christian friend who is unable to walk to church, but who longs to be in her place, and might be if your cariage were available, is not a *mass.* Shoe your horses with the preparation of the Gospel and make them carry the aged, the weak, the distant and the discouraged to church, where they will bless you, and the preacher, and God himself. Reach the masses! Reach your own block first, and while others are discussing, in conventions, the best way to do it, you will be filling empty seats and doing the Lord's work. We leave this matter of church attendance too absolutely to the individual will or willfulness. We lay too great a strain on the indefinite influence of the truth or the personal popularity of the preacher. We have built our church. We have said to the public, in a general way, Come. We have tried to welcome all who have responded, so that no one has just cause of complaint; but does this end our duty? The parable of the marriage of the King's Son is in point. We must be aggressive, persistent, even to the point of being disagreeable. It is better to be disagreeable to those who refuse, than to let them go down to death for want of the Gospel."—*Working Church.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XI.

1. A servant who gained part of his master's property by slander and deceit.
2. A high priest who tried to hinder a great work of the Lord.
3. A title of honor which our Lord told his disciples to refuse when called by it.
4. One of those classes of people who shall be cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death.
5. The division of Palestine of which, at the beginning of John the Baptist's ministry, Philip, the husband of Herodias, was Tetrarch.
6. The soldier who, when with David, took away Saul's spear and cruse of water, while his guards were asleep.
7. The cousin of a prophet who bought a field from him, as a token that the children of Israel should return from their captivity in Babylon.

The *initials* and *finals* give the names of two women, sisters of a famous king of Israel. The first the mother of brave men, in connection with whom her name is often mentioned.

—He that does as well in private between God and his own soul, as in public, hath given himself a testimony that his purposes are full of honesty, nobleness and integrity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT PLEA.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

In thoughtful moments I repeat
The story of the Cross and see
Christ's bleeding hands and mangled feet,
And think, He bore it all for me.
For me, a sinner! and the thought
Is with exultant rapture fraught.

What have I that my hands could bring
To offer at the feet of Christ?
Oh, bankrupt heart—not anything!
He whispers that His blood sufficed.
O Christ, my Saviour, can it be
You wore the crown of thorns for me?

O Christ! close to Thy bleeding side
I come in my unworthiness;
Since for my scarlet sins you died
And made the shameful burden less,
All that I am, or hope to be,
Is Thine. I trust it all to Thee!
—*Christian Union.*

"CHILDREN TOO VOLATILE."

I have had far more trouble with those who were transplanted into the Church with the sins of twenty or thirty years sticking to their roots, than I have had with those who grow up in the church from an *early planting*. I have seen more backsliders at forty than I have at fourteen. Those who commence the earliest, commonly do the best and hold out the longest. The boy-Christian makes the best Christian man.

As for "volatility," we must do our utmost to guard against hasty steps in making a public profession of faith, either with the young or the old. Sufficient time to test the genuineness of conversion should be required in every case. Parents should be exceedingly watchful in order to decide whether the *daily conduct* affords satisfactory proof of a change of heart. Bearing in mind that a boy is a boy and not a man, we must simply enquire whether he is a boy who obeys or disobeys Christ's commandments. A boy who has principle enough to speak the truth always and at every cost, who is more afraid to offend God than he is to be laughed at, who would prefer a prayer-meeting to a theatre, and who loves to obey what his mother says, and what his Bible says, gives good evidence of a new heart. Such a germ is apt to grow. The brst place for it to grow is in the soil of Christ's Church, and not among the weeds on the "devil's common."

Childish "volatility" does not disturb me half as much as the selfishness, ambitions, greed, and sceptical hardness of adult years. Better a heart that believes too easily and too much, than the cast-iron heart that repels truth as a tin roof repeals hailstones. The golden time for choosing Christ and joining Christ, is childhood. Every year after fifteen accumulates difficulties and hindrances. Four-fifths of all sound conversions are under thirty years of age. "Suffer the children to come unto me;" and the good mother who sent me the question had better "not forbid her good boy to take his seat among Christ's people. I saw a prayer-meeting of twenty lads last evening, and it made my heart leap to look at this bright-eyed group of boy-Christians.—*Evangelist.*

KEEPING IN.

Many think that, if a teacher takes one or two classes out of school-hours, or if she stays around the school-house till six o'clock, applying the mental goad to some unfortunate urchin who would better be playing marbles, or chopping down cherry-trees, she must feel an extraordinary interest in her work. What if she does come to school the next morning with those round shoulders rounder than before, those weak eyes weaker than ever, a sallow complexion, and a querulous, fault-finding temper! Her interest in her work is immense! Four o'clock comes, and, awed by the interested one's baleful example, another teacher, whose whole soul is wild with longing for a glimpse of green fields and a breath of God's pure air, thinks sadly to herself, "I must not leave; it will be thought I am not interested in my work." So she resolutely turns her back upon these pleasant things, and finally goes slowly home, at supper-time, weary and dispirited.

A good teacher should be physically, as well as mentally and morally excellent. She has no more right to be round-shouldered than she has to be ill-tempered,—no more right to ignore the principles of hygiene, than the principles of grammar. After being in a schoolroom from half-past eight until four, it is as much her duty to refresh her body with pure air and exercise, as it is to eat her supper. She is defrauding her scholars by giving them a part of her power, when she should give them all. Let us make it our pleasure, as well as our duty, to greet our scholars each morning with a bright face and an earnest heart,—with a healthy mind in a healthy body.—*A. M. Whicher, in N. E. Journal of Education.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XVIII.

MAY 6.] THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA. [About 892 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings vii. 12-20. RECITE vs. 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.—Luke xviii. 27.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord changes famine into plenty.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Deut. xxviii. 47-57. *T.*—2 Kings vi. 24-33. *W.*—2 Kings vii. 1-11. *Th.*—Josh. viii 3-22. *F.*—Judges xx. 29-44. *Sa.*—Malachi iii. 8-18. *S.*—2 Kings vii. 12-20.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Benhadad besieged Samaria, and there was so great a famine that a woman boiled and ate her son. She appealed to the king, who rent his clothes and sent an executioner to behead Elisha. The prophet predicted that upon the next day there would be plenty of food. Four lepers who went out to the Syrian camp found that the enemy had fled. They reported the news, and it was told to the king.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read from the beginning of Chapter VII., so as to understand the prophecy of plenty and the threat of death, both of which we see fulfilled in this lesson.

NOTES.—*Meas'-ure* (see picture), a *seah* which was the third part of an ephah, and contained from a peck to a peck and a half. *Shek'-el.* At this time money was not coined, but weighed, and its value cannot be exactly determined. The later coined shekel weighed a little more than our American half dollar, and was worth from 56 to 64 cents. *Gate.* Oriental gateways are arched overhead, and are favorite places for the transaction of business; the markets are frequently about them. *Windows in heaven*, sluices, or floodgates, through which barley might "rain or pour down." Com. Gen. vii. 11, viii. 2; Mal. iii. 10.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE SEARCH FOR THE BESIEGERS. (II.) THE PROMISED PLENTY. (III.) THE THREATENED DEATH.

I. THE SEARCH FOR THE BESIEGERS. (12.) THE KING, Jehoram; IN THE NIGHT, as soon as the report was made known to him; HIS SERVANTS, counsellors; TO HIDE THEMSELVES, in order to draw the Israelites into an ambuscade. Comp. Josh. viii. 3-19. (13) WHICH ARE LEFT, have escaped starvation; SHALL CONSUMED—that is to say, "they can only die, as many have done already, and as all must sooner or later" *(Lange)*; SEND AND SEE, whether they are indeed gone, or only in ambush. (14.) TWO CHARIOT HORSES, two chariots with their horses. (15.) UNTO JORDAN, 32 miles N. E. of Samaria by the direct road to Damascus; VESSELS, utensils.

I. QUESTIONS.—How was the flight of the Syrians discovered? Tell the story of the four lepers? vs. 3-11. Who brought the tidings to the king? At what time? How did the king account for the sudden disappearance of the besiegers? State the advice of one of his officers. How did the king follow it? How far did the chariots go? What report did they bring back? Why had the Syrians fled in such haste? 2 Kings vii. 6. Repeat God's promise as given in Ex. xxiii. 27.

II. THE PROMISED PLENTY. (16.) THE PEOPLE, from Samaria; SPOILED, plundered the tents, probably obtaining money as well as provisions, see v. 8; MEASURE . . . SHEKEL, see Notes; WAS SOLD FOR, became worth; THE WORD OF THE LORD, as spoken by Elisha, see v. 1.

II. QUESTIONS.—State the promise of plenty as given by Elisha in v. 1. What did the people do? What did they probably find in the Syrian tents? v. 8. What was the value of flour? Of barley? Give their equivalents according to our standards. How does this show that food was abundant? Who turned the famine into plenty? Show from the Scriptures that God feeds all creatures? Ps. cxlvii. 7, 9, 14; cxxxii, 15; cxiv. 15.

III. THE THREATENED DEATH. (17.) THE LORD, the captain *(Speaker's)*, or adjutant *(Keil)*; ON WHOSE HAND HE LEANED, implying age or infirmity in the king *(Speaker's)*; IN THE GATE, gateway; HAD SAID, see v. 2. (19.) WINDOWS IN HEAVEN, see Notes; SEE IT, the abundance promised. (20.) FELL OUT, happened; TRODE UPON HIM: he was unable to restrain the crowd in the rush after provisions.

III. QUESTIONS.—State the lord's question and Elisha's prediction to him? v. 2. [Notice that the repetition, vs. 17-19, makes this very emphatic.] To what did the king appoint the lord? By whom was he killed? How? How had he shown his unbelief? State how Elisha's prediction was exactly fulfilled. Mention a similar instance of unbelief on the part of the Israelites. Ps. lxxviii. 19-21. What offer is given to us of spiritual food? John, vi. 35. What shall be the punishment of unbelief? Mark xvi. 16.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That God can put his enemies to flight?

(2.) That he provides for his people?

(3.) That it is a great sin to disbelieve his promises?

"MEASURES" OF THE EAST.

LESSON XIX.

MAY 13.] JEHU THE KING [About 884 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings x. 20-31. RECITE vs. 28-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart.—2 Kings x. 31.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Godliness is patient continuance in well-doing.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Kings xviii. 17-40. *T.*—Judg. xvi. 21-31. *W.*—Ezra vi. 3-12. *Th.*—1 Kings xii 25-33. *F.*—2 Kings xiii. 1-11. *Sa.*—Deut iv. 25-40. *S.*—2 Kings x. 20-31.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Benhadad II., the "king of Syria" referred to in several of the preceding lessons, died, and Hazael succeeded him. Jehoram, or Joram, king of Israel, in alliance with Ahaziah, king of Judah, fought against Hazael, was wounded and returned to Jezreel, there he was killed by Jehu, who had been anointed king at Elisha's command. Jehu also caused Jezebel and seventy of Ahab's sons, together with all his kindred, to be slain; he then destroyed the worship of Baal in Israel.

NOTES.—*Je-hu (Jehovah is he—i.e., is God)*, the tenth king and the founder of the fifth dynasty of Israel; son of Jehoshaphat and grandson of Nimshi (2 Kings ix. 2); was with Ahab when he took Naboth's vineyard (2 Kings ix. 25); anointed and proclaimed king at Ramoth-Gilead; drove to Jezreel; shot Jehoram dead; trampled Jezebel under his horses' feet; slew all Ahab's kindred; destroyed Baal-worship, but not the golden calves, reigned twenty-eight years, and was buried in Samaria. *Ves'-try*, the robe-chamber either of the temple of Baal or of the royal palace. *Vest'-ments*, the sacred robes used in worship. *Je-hon'-a-dab (Jehovah incites)*, son of Rechab, founder of the order of the Rechabites, whose members did not drink wine, build houses, nor plant vineyards. Jer. xxxv. 6, 7. *Im'-ages.* Dean Stanley suggests that these were figures of the Phœnician divinities carved in wood and set on pillars; while the image they "brake down" was of stone, and perhaps erected in front of the temple.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE BAAL-WORSHIPPERS GATHERED. (II.) BAAL DESTROYED. (III.) THE GOLDEN CALVES SPARED.

I. THE BAAL WORSHIPPERS GATHERED. (20.) SOLEMN ASSEMBLY, such as the Israelites were commanded to hold for Jehovah's worship (Lev. xxiii. 36, Num. xxix. 35, 36) (21.) NOT A MAN . . . THAT CAME NOT, they were threatened with death if they stayed away. v. 19; FROM ONE END TO ANOTHER, "brimful" *(Speaker's)*, "full from wall to wall" *(Lange)*; VESTRY . . . VESTMENTS, see Notes. (23) JEHONADAB, see Notes; BE HERE . . WORSHIPPERS OF BAAL ONLY, the very presence of those of another religion would profane the rites; hence this exclusion did not excite suspicion.

I. QUESTIONS.—What did Jehu say to the people? How had Ahab served Baal? 1 Kings xvi. 30-33. Whom did Jehu order to be called together? For what purpose? What did he threaten to those who absented themselves? What was his secret motive? In how great numbers did the Baal-worshippers assemble? Who went with Jehu? How did he keep out all the servants of the Lord? Why would not this excite suspicion?

II. BAAL DESTROYED. (24.) APPOINTED, stationed, HIS LIFE . . . FOR THE LIFE OF HIM, his own life shall be taken in place of the one who escapes. Compare 1 Kings xx. 39. (25.) GUARD . . CAPTAINS, the royal body-guard; GO IN, they seem to have been stationed at the gates; CITY OF THE HOUSE OF BAAL, the stronghold *(Lange)* or the inner temple; (26.) IMAGES, see Notes, HOUSE OF BAAL, the temple built by Ahab. 1 Kings xvi. 32; DRAUGHT HOUSE, a dunghill, See Ezra vi. 11; Dan. ii. 5; iii. 29. (28.) BAAL, Baal-worship.

II. QUESTIONS.—State the command Jehu gave to his soldiers? What penalty did he threaten if any escaped? Relate the story of the massacre. What was done with the images? With the image of Baal? With the house? What was the result of this action of Jehu's?

III. THE GOLDEN CALVES SPARED. (29.) SINS OF JEROBOAM, who set up golden calves at Bethel and Dan, see 1 Kings xii. 28-33. (30.) THY CHILDREN . . ON THE THRONE OF ISRAEL, Jehu's family ruled Israel for more than 100 years, until his great-great-grandson was assassinated. 2 Kings xv. 10.

III. QUESTIONS.—What idols did Jehu spare? Whose sins did he imitate? State God's promise to him How was it fulfilled? Give the names of his successors on the throne 2 Kings xiii. 1, 9; xiv. 10; xv. 8. What shows that he was not at heart a godly man, and that his evil deeds were punished? Hosea i. 4.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That severe measures are sometimes necessary to destroy irreligion?

(2.) That men are willing to destroy idols they hate if they may keep those they love?

(3.) That men may fight on God's side and yet not walk in his law?

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

PSA. 25 : 14.

TOO EXPENSIVE.—In the average church of New England cities, if a man pays $25 yearly for an average pew seating five persons, the average cost is *five cents* a sitting at each service. It would seem as if the church had reached about the lowest working figure But some think the five-cent church-sitting too expensive. A city pastor informed the writer that men in his congregation, occupying nice upholstered pews which cost them 25 cents a quarter for each sitting ($5 a year per pew), made stout opposition at the parish meeting to any increase in that burdensome rate of *one cent* a sitting at each public service, and, after the debate, proceeded to refresh their homeward walk with cigars,—quality not stated.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

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